THE HERALD.

MOTHER IS THE OLD HOME LONELY.

BY O. ROMULUS BARNS.

Mother, is the old home lonely,
With no children left you there?
With no voices ringing gayly,
And none hushed in solemn prayer?
Do you miss our thousand questions
That we ask in wild delight?
And our tramping up the stairway
After biding you good-night?

Mother, is the old home lonely
When you realize this fact,
That "Old Time," with all his changes,
Will not bring your children back?
Do you in your idle moments
(Now your boys are grown-up men)
Ask yourself the solemn question,
Are they happy now as then?

I will answer you that question,
In a simple, careless way,
That as men we live to labor,
When as boys we lived to play.
So it is while older growing—
Joys and pleasures are but few;
Those our recollections cherish
Passed when boys at home with you.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

LOOSENESS OF THE BOWELS.—Mix two tablespoonfuls of wheat flouer with just water enough to moisten the flour; drink it. If the first dose does not check pain or the purging, repeat the dose in half an hour. Severe cases sometimes require a third dose.

TO KEEP ICE FROM WINDOWS.—Take an ordinary paint-brush or a sponge and rub over the glass once or twice a day a little alcohol. This will keep the glass as free from ice as in the middle of summer, and give as fine a polish as can be got in any other way.

POLISHING TINS.—First rub your tins with a damp cloth, then take dry flour and rub it on with your hands, and afterward take an old newspaper and rub the flour off, and the tins will shine as well as if half an hour had been spent in rubbing them with brick dust or powder, which spoils the hands.

MOTH PREVENTIVE.—Mix half a pint of alcohol, the same quantity of spirits of turpentine, and two ounces of camphor. Keep in a stone bottle and shake before using. The cloths or furs are to be wrapped in linen, and crumped-up pieces of blotting paper, dipped in the liquid are to be placed in the box with them, so that it smells strongly. This requires renewing once a year.

ORANGE MARMALADE.—The rind or peel is taken off and scraped, then boiled in water until tender, when the water is poured off, and the rind cut in thin slices, with the juice which is extracted from the body of the orange added, and set to boil again, with the addition of three-quarters of a pound of sugar to every pound of matter, and in from twenty minutes to half an hour the marmalade is made. It generally comes packed in bowls.—*American Grocer.*

HOMINY.—Two quarts of white corn; three half pints of white beans; two pounds of pickled pork. Wash the corn and put it on to boil in water sufficient to cover it, and as the corn swells, more water must be added, so as to keep it covered all the time it is cooking. After boiling four hours, add the beans and pork, which being done, the hominy may be sent to table. Should the pork not make it sufficiently salt, more may be added. This is very nice warmed over the next day.

PRESERVING HAMS.—In answer to the recent query of S., Dover, Tenn., we are given the following: Put Into the center of the hams a piece of saltpeter about half the size of a hickory nut. Let them lay in very strong brine four weeks. Them smoke them well, and pack them in a box of fine dry salt, having each surrounded by a layer of not less than two inches of salt. You can not get them too salt, as you always freshen the slices before using.

LOOKING-GLASSES SPOILED BY SUNSHINE.—It does not seem to be generally understood that the amalgam of tin-foil with mercury, which is spread on glass plates to make looking glasses, is very readily chrystalized by actonic solar rays. A mirror hung where the sun can shine on it is usually spoiled; it takes a granulated appearance familiar to housekeepers, though they may not be acquainted with the cause of the change. In such a state the article is nearly worthless, the continuity of the surface is destroyed and it will not reflect outlines with any approach to precision.

MENDING WITH PLASTER.—If you have a crack in the wall in the corner of the room, or anywhere else, do not send for the plasterer, but get five or ten cents' worth of dry plaster of Paris; wet with cold water; then take your finger and rub it into the crevice till it is smooth. Bad nail holes in the wall can be done the same way. Should the top of your lamp become loose, take it off and wash it with soap; wash the glass also, then put the plaster around the glass, put the brass top on again, let it stand until hardened, and it is ready for use again. A lamp never should be filled quite full, as the kerosene softens the plaster.—*Rural Home.*

USE OF NUTMEGS.—If a person begins to grate a nutmeg at the stalk end, it will prove hollow throughout; whereas the same nutmeg, grated on the other end, would have proved sound and solid to the last. This circumstance may thus be accounted for: The center of a nutmeg consists of a number of fibers issuing from the stalks and its continuation through the center of the fruit; the other ends of which fibers, though closely surrounded and pressed by the fruit, do not adhere to it. When the stalk is grated away, the fibers, having lost their hold, gradually drop out in successful, and the hollow continues through the whole nut. By beginning at the contrary end, the fibers above mentioned are grated off at the core end, with the surrounding fruit, and do not drop out and cause a hole.

POTATO BALLS.—Boil and mash a double quantity of potatoes for dinner, season with sweet cream and a little salt; work in two fresh eggs to a quart. Mold into little balls, prick the tops, and lay away in the cold on a plate. In the morning put on baking pan and set into oven until done to a delicate brown, which requires fifteen or twenty minutes.

TO DESTROY ANTS.—There are many ways of destroying ants. The most effective is to find the nest and deluge it with boiling water at night when the ants are at home. Other ways are to dip balls made of hay or moss into sweetened water and place them around in the garden in places where they run, and when they have gathered into the balls plunge them into hot water, then set the ball again. Ants are fond of sweets, and may be trapped readily in many ways by the use of molasses or sugar.

A CURE FOR CORNS.—A French medical journal reports the cure of the most refractory corns by the morning and evening applications with a brush, of a drop of a solution of the perchloride of iron. It states that after a fortnights continued application, without pain, a patient who had suffered forty years from a most painful corn on the inner side of each little toe was entirely relieved; pressure was no longer painful, and the cure seemed to be radical. Other and similar cases are reported as equally successful under the treatment.

WEEVIL IN FLOUR.—Housekeepers and millers are often annoyed with weevils breeding in flour in hot weather, and frequently also in winter. They are the product of an insect which lays its eggs between the staves of the barrel and the meshes of muslin sacks. Paper sacks will exclude them completely, as they cannot be penetrated by insects to lay their eggs through them. Weevils are more annoying than injurious and can be easily sifted out. Still many housekeepers throw away flour infested by them. To avoid this loss, it is only necessary to keep flour stored away in paper sacks, especially in hot weather.—*Prairie Farmer.*

BRILLIANT WHITEWASH.—Take half a bushel of unslacked lime. Slack it with boiling water, cover it during the process to keep the steam in. Strain the liquid through a fine seive and add to it a peck of salt previously well dissolved in warm water, three pounds of ground rice boiled to a thin paste and stirred in boiling hot, half a pound of powdered Spanish whiting, and a pound of clean glue which has been previously dissolved by soaking it well and hanging it over a slow fire in a small kettle within a large one filled with water; add five gallons of hot water to the mixture, stir it well, and let stand a few days covered from the dirt. It should be put on hot.—*Farmers' Union.*

HOW TO SELECT FLOUR.—First look at the color: if it is white, with a slightly yellowish tint, buy it. If it is very white, with a bluish cast, or with white specks in it, refuse it. Second—Examine its adhesiveness, wet and knead a little of it between your fingers; if it works soft and sticky it is poor. Third—Throw a little lump of dry flour against a dry, smooth, perpendicular surface; if it falls like powder it is bad. Fourth—Squeeze some of the flour in your hand, if it retains the shape given by the presure, that too is a bad sign. Flour that will stand all these tests is safe to buy. These models are given by our flour dealers, and they pertain to a matter that concerns everybody, namely, the staff of life.

The Association of Farmers.

We copy the following sensible remarks from the late State Master Smedley, of Iowa. It applies equally as well to Kentucky:

"'The farmers of Iowa are on trial before the world.' Every influence is brought to bear to destroy this organization. We are gravely told that it cannot last; that farmers know so little of business they cannot succeed; that they are so selfish they will quarrel among themselves; that it is a political organization. And later, finding all efforts vain so far as to stop the onward march, every effort which money, talent, and influence can bring is brought to sow the seed of dissension and create distrust among the farmers themselves, and I regret a few of our brothers listen to these tales. All these efforts will fail; will fail because in the hearts of the members of the Order is a deep abiding sense of the need and necessity for unity and action, and because they have a shrewd suspicion that they can trust each other quite as safely as those whose interest is to check rather than forward their best interests.

"Railroads are built by associations, lines of steamships, immense commercial and manufacturing enterprises, colleges, yes, government, has for its chief corner stone the consent and co-operation of the people. And let me ask, shall not a class of men and women on whom rests the whole moral and financial structure of society—a class at least possessing average intelligence—a class needing the elevating influence of this order, be able to associate together for the purpose of bettering their condition? Do they not possess the necessary intelligence and cohesion as a class to improve their condition by education—by improved methods of agriculture to make this fair commonwealth a home where correct business principles, morality, fraternity and high aims and purposes shall dwell in every household.

"Believing as I do in the justice of God the Father—having faith in the good in humanity, and firmly believing that 'every right shall come uppermost,' I have an abiding faith in the glorious future of our beloved Order."

Care of Swine—Economy in Food

Horse, cattle and other stock capable of subsisting on the coarser kinds of food, in most localities, may be carried through the winter in fair condition, where there is an abundance of hay, straw, etc., but the case is different with hogs. Corn is not only a natural food but the one almost entirely depended on in the West for the production of pork. Some of the root crops might take the place of corn to some extent, and with advantage, as an apetizer or to assist in keeping the animal in a healthful and growing condition. But the cultivation of these is almost entirely neglected on our vast areas of cheap lands, and for the reasons that the cereals can be raised with less labor, and of course cannot now be procured to supplement the present short supply of corn on hand.

Corn is better calculated to put on fat than to add to the growth of bone and muscle necessary to the thrift and healthfulness of young hogs. Why does one farmer, with a limited amount of corn, keep his hogs in a thrifty and growing condition, and at killing time bring them fully developed to the heaviest weights, while his neighbor, with better facilities and more feed, brings his hogs to market in a dwarfed and diseased condition, light in weight, uneven in size, and ungainly in shape? Do farmers give sufficient thought to the economy of the food? No one can know how much may be gained in feeding hogs, by continuing in the common routine among farmers of supplying them continually from first to last with nothing but dry corn, priacipally carbon—regardless of what is intended to be made of the pig. Though the phosphates and nitrogenous food, with healthful exercise, are just as necessary to the healthful and strong growth of the animal as carbon which makes fat, thus rendering the animal fit for the butcher.

Threshed oats, wheat or rye, ground or cooked whole, supplies that which is not so largely contained in corn. Small quantities of these grains given to each animal once a day with the corn is all that is necessary. This extra care pays, because the same amount of corn with this other feed greatly increases the amount of pork.

Hogs when fattenining should not have much exercise, especially after they get heavy. Indeed the same variety of food is not necessary after the hog is in full flesh, since the increase during the latter part of the fattening process is simply an increase of fat itself. Hence feeders who successfully manage swine as to keep the digestive organs in a vigorous condition by keeping them properly expanded with a variety of food and so they will not lose their appetites may safely and properly make corn the principal food. This is science in agriculture, and he that fully appreciates the subject need not look for a better fortune than exists in the corn fields of the West if the produce is manufactured ipto the best qualities of pork.—*Western Rural.*

Planting Potato Sprouts.

Potatoes of large size are said to be produced by a monk in France by cutting two side-shoots from each stalk when it is five to seven inches high and setting them in good, rich, mellow garden soil. In a few days they send out roots and form tubers about as early and in as large quantities as the original stalk, while the latter does not seem to be injured by the moderate pruning.

Our monkish friend has discovered nothing new, but it may be worth remembering when one has a rare kind that he wishes to make the most of. Many of our nurserymen practice the same way with new potatoes. When the Early Goodrich and Early Rose were first introduced some of the New England nurserymen propagated potatoes from the tops to such an extent that several hundreds of bushels were raised in a single season from a few original potatoes. One grower raised the plants under grass all winter. Every time a new growth appeared it was taken off as a cut and soon made a plant. He had thus thousands of plants by the spring each in a small pot, and these set out in the open ground planted an enormous tract of land. We do not remember exactly, but we believe as much as a hundred bushels of potatoes came in this way from a half dozen potatoes inside of twelve months.—*Forney's Weekly Press.*

Orchard Grass.

I am still receiving requests every few days for more information about orchard grass. I believe I have said nearly everything that I can say in my various articles, but, as they were not all published in your paper, I will again answer a few of the questions asked.

Two bushels of seed to the acre (of 14 pounds to the bushel) is not too much, but twenty pounds of nice clean seed will insure a good set. To sow less than twenty pounds "is penny wise and pound foolish," for less than twenty pounds will not produce a perfect sod, and all the ground not sodded over is, of course, lost. I believe August to be the best time for sowing orchard grass. I sowed this year a small lot in August to rye and orchard grass. About the 25th of next April I shall mow the rye, which will make a fine lot of feed, and by mowing so early, it will not interfere with the grass, and will protect it during the winter. I believe this to be even better than sowing the grass alone. Most farmers wish to sow the grass seed with wheat or oats. If orchard grass is sown with either of these, it should be sown in March. I soil all my stock, and consider orchard grass the best of all grasses for soiling for the following reasons: Its earliness, lateness, rapidity of growth, and the preference stock have for it. All these qualities combined make it the best of all grasses for soiling. It does not make as much feed as corn fodder, but it does not require the work that corn fodder does, and you are obliged to manure your corn fodder land to keep it up, while orchard grass improves land every year. Stock never tire of the grass as of the fodder. If sown about the first of March, it is not necessary to harrow the seed in, although a light harrowing would do no harm.

Some of my correspondents seem to think that I am writing for amusement, profit or pay. My sole consideration is to have this valuable (the most valuable) grass sown over the United States. Owing to the excese sive drouth, I did not attempt to savany seed this year, except just what I needed for my own sowing, for fear it would not fill well, but mowed all for hay. I was mistaken, however, for the drowth seemed scarcely to affect the seed at all. I can recommend the seed furnished by Allison & Addison, of Richmond, Va., as the sample I obtained from them was very fine. Another great advantage orchard grass has over other grasses and clover, is the great certainty of getting a catch; I have never failed, and have never seen a failure.—[*Mont. Co., Va., Cor. Country Gentleman.*

An Excellent Fertilizer.

The Journal of Chemistry says that one of the very best fertilizers used upon the farm for all the cereal grains and rot crops may be made in the following manner:

Take one barrel of pure, finely ground bone, and mix it with a barrel of good wash-ashes, during the mixture add, gradually, about three pailsful of water. The heap may be made upon the floor of an out building or upon the barn floor; and by the use of a hoe the bone and ashes must be thoroughly blended together. The water added is just sufficient to liberate the caustic alkalies, potash and soda, and these act upon the gelatine of the bone, dissolving the little atoms, forming a kind of soap, and fitting it for a kind of paint aliment. In this way the most valuable constituents of the bone can be made immediately available, and the addition of potash and soda aids in the formation of a fertilizer of inestimable value. A gill of this mixture, placed in a hill of corn, will work wonders. It is excellent for garden vegetables and for all kinds of roots. It will be ready for use in a week after it is made.

Stick to the Farm.

For the benefit of those seeking to desert the farm for a city life, we clip the following from the Rural New Yorker:

If discontented farmers' wives, sons and daughters, who think the delight of city life worth realizing, could walk through our streets to-day, and read the one thousandth part of the misery and apprehensions that haunts the hearts of classes and are making lines on their faces, they would thank God for the peace and seclusion and abundance gathered in the gardens of their homes Thousands of men and women are at the beginning of winter thrown out of employment.

Fence Posts.

Charring posts does not make them more durable to any considerable extent. The outside charcoal thus formed will not decay, but there is no strength in it, and it is only at the surface. Being porous it allows the water to pass through it into the central, uncharred wood and causes its decay. Soaking the lower ends of dry posts in a kettle of hot tar is far better. —*Country Gentleman.*

For The Hartford Herald.

THE MODEL HUSBAND.

BY QUITS.

He is a great big man, impatient and moody, sometimes, and never thinks of spoiling his best hat for the privilege of lending his wife the umbrella. If she hasn't cleared the breakfast things away, cleaned the house, washed and dressed the children, got his shaving water, his clean shirt, laid out his best suit, combed his hair, and dressed herself by the time the church-bell rings, he asks, peevishly:—"What is the reason she never can be ready?" takes his umbrella, walks piously to church, and leaves her to borrow one and come when she gets ready.

He is married, and he hasn't an old rhinoceros for a wife, either. She's just a kind, good little woman: human like the rest of us. Not one of "The Model Wives," at all. The model wives all got to singing "I want to be an angel," and God took them home long ago. Yes, she's human, and has her little fits of sulkiness, and her little spats of temper which she's sorry for fifteen minutes afterwards.

The model husband never makes a practice of coming home tight at 11 o'clock every other night. No indeed. But he attends promptly all railroad and church meetings, all Democratic and Trustee meetings, sometimes a called meeting at the courthouse; and when none of these are available, he has a lot of new goods to open that night, so that it is oftener 12 o'clock than 11 before he gets home; and his poor little coward of a wife, who had sat up and nodded in her chair as long as she could, waiting for him, and had at last gone to bed, and turned and shivered and shivered and turned, with cold and fear, hears him come home just as she has fallen into an uneasy sleep, and has to crawl out and unlock the door. She is only human—not a model at all—and as she crawls back in bed she says:

"Oh, husband, I *do* wish there were no meetings to keep you out so late! I'm afraid to go to bed before you come home. And I do get *so* tired sitting up! When I go to bed I can't keep warm, and I get so restless and uneasy I can't sleep."

"Well, what in the world are you such a little goose for? Why don't you put on a good fire, and lay the kindling ready for morning, and go to bed?"

Of course that little woman has to make two fires in the morning, for that model husband "couldn't sleep last night, and feels too badly to get up."

But making two fires is not the worst of it. By the time she gets the ashes out of the grate and the kindling lighted, the model husband flings himself out of bed in a pet with—"I don't know who in the world could sleep with such a racket! *It's* mad, is *It*, because *It* had to make a fire once in two months?"

It was only shame and compunction of soul, reader, that caused that model husband, that bitter morning, to forget that he was a gentleman and his wife a woman when he called her "*It*" in his most tantalizing tone. If *I'd* been his wife, I should have "squared myself," and called him "old bald-head," and told him if there were any more fires lighted in that house he would have to light them. But that little wife didn't. She just bit her lips hard, and went on putting on coal, and begged him to go back to bed—until she could melt the ice and take her morning bath before the fire.

The model husband never comes home "and sees three chairs where there are only two." Never. He just takes the biggest, easiest chair in the room, plants himself right in front of the fire, spreads out his knees so as to occupy as much space as possible, and suffers his wife and children to squeeze into the corners as best they can.

And if she asks him for money to buy a new dress, he always gives it to her—if she asks him in company. The private lecture on economy and extravagance in dress comes afterwards.

If she wants to go to prayer-meeting he is generally willing to stay at home with the children, but always tells her "if going out at night brings a return of her toothache, she mustn't complain and keep him awake, or expect sympathy."

If they are invited out to spend the evening, and there are nice girls at the house, he goes cheerfully. When he comes home he wishes he "had a pretty, plump, pleasant little wife like Miss Sue G." If there are no girls, he is too tired to go, or he gets in a pet because his shirt is not ironed to suit him when he begins to dress, and declines going on that account. His wife lays out another shirt for him, and he fumes and frets and wishes people would quit asking him out to stupid entertainments, for there is not a particle of pleasure for him in going; and he snaps a button off because the washerwoman has left the collar fastened, which his wife, with her gaiter half laced, must stop to sew on.

Then, when his wife says to him, pleasantly as possible, "Husband, did you know that you were almost rude to Mrs C. the other evening, when she remarked that she thought 'The Yellowbanks Ironclad' an excellent paper?"

"Rude? What do you mean?"

"Why, you answered her so shortly—'It's of no account at all: no paper at all!' and turned off in your abrupt way to talk to some one else."

"Well, it *is* of no account. Can't a man say what he thinks without being rude?"

"If he says it courteously, he can. To be sure you didn't call Mrs. C. a fool, but your manner almost made her feel like one."

"Pshaw! I say what I think, and act as I feel. Come, let's be off: don't be all day getting ready."

The model husband's wife is sick sometimes, and he nurses and tends her, when he can stay at home long enough, just as well as a man can, which is quite as well as a pet bear could do—only the bear wouldn't want to go down in town every time a neighbor stepped in a minute: and it couldn't talk, and ask, "What do you make such a face for?" when she swallows rhubarb and aloes; or, "What in the world do you *grunt* for, every time you turn over?" And if he can't pare her corn down, he is is always ready to go out and kill her a quail for soup.

The model husband never gets into a fight down town. Never comes home with his ears bitten up. Never blames himself for anything. Never admits that he is in the wrong.

I have never seen any model wives, such as the Detroit Free Press describes. I think God saw there were no husbands for them in this part of His moral vineyard, and no room for any more in happy Detroit, and took all the balance up among the angels long ago. I'm sorry I wasn't born in Detroit.

We have plenty of model husbands here, and they are just as good as can be found anywhere in the world. I know hosts of them; and the whole lot expect to "slip into heaven and never be asked a question."

HARTFORD, Jan. 8, 1875.